

The Daily Gazetteer.

Num. 71

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19. 1735.

N^o 71.

To the DAILY GAZETTEER.

\$ I R,



GOING to other Day to a Friend's Chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, I found the young Barrister reading an old-fashion'd Author, *Abraham Cowley*, which made me call to Mind these Verses of his,

*What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?*

WHICH repeating once or twice with an Air of Applause, my Friend, who loves Poetry better than Law, bid Let us think upon it a little, and taking his Pen, wrote down as follows, extempore.

A RHAPSODY.

What shall I do, &c.

SHALL I, like *Braglio*, in the Fields of Mars
Seek Glory? Is it always gain'd by Wars?
Shall I by Arms be rais'd to high Command,
And fly at last with Breeches in my Hand?

Shall I like *H—l—y* in some Fastious Cause,
Renounce Religion, Liberty and Laws;
By Priests and Populate get into Power,
And make my Way thro' Peerage to the Tower?

Shall I, like *St. J—n*, write, and rail, and rake,
Win ev'ry Side, and ev'ry Side forsake?
To King and Country False, shall I remain
Fruit with the Character and Fate of *Cain*?

Like *P—y* shall I my best Friends betray,
And Honours mis'd, throw Honesty away?
Shall I in Falshood and in Scandal deal,
And mask my Malice with a Patriot's Zeal?

Shall I insult the Worthy and the Wise
With Impudence, and lewd abusive Lies?
To State and Statesmen, shall my Pen attack,
And venture for Renown, my Ears and Neck?
What shall I do, &c.

THAT which I mistook in my Friend's *Rhapsody* as his Mistake, that the *Craftsmen*, like *Erosfratar*, endeavour to set the Nation on Fire, as the other did the Temple of *Ephesus*, purely to get a Name, and to talk'd of; or rather to come nearer to the Case of *D'Anvers*, like a Thief who was hang'd at some time ago for robbing a Church, and when was going to be turn'd off, said *He car'd not, for new Name would be in Print*. I really do not believe the *Craftsmen* to be as ambitious as even these two Rogues, to have any Hopes their Libels will out-live them; that, as a French Wit said, there is any other Memory for them than that of the last Year's Flies, unless they should, in the End, overtake them with heavy Heels, and they thereby find a Place in the Records of the Old Baily. For Mankind sure, are not lost to all Sense of Truth, Duty, Decency and Humanity, as to hoard up the Lies, Slanders and Abominations, which their weekly Libel is stuffed with, what Pains the Libellers may take to have them folded, and stitch'd, and leather'd up together. They have been at this wicked Work 7 or 8 Years; and among thousands of fictitious Facts and Insinuations against *G—t* and *Ad—n*, there is not one that has a better Proof than the bare Word or Dream of those impudent factious Impostors. Their *History* has from Beginning been adulterated and corrupt; their *Fable* inflated and deform'd; their *Parallels* monstrous and apply'd; their *Allusions* forc'd and extravagant; their *Arguments* sophistical, dogmatical and trifling. This has been often made as apparent as the Sun in a bright Noon, to all those that have Eyes and can see, and will see: But there are no such Men among the Nation. They are blind, or if they have Eyes, and

can see, they will not see. This the *Craftsmen* know, and that therefore they may safely and successfully carry on the Cheat, and make no other Use of being convicted of Lying and Abusing, false Reporting, and false Arguing, than to argue falsely, report falsely, abuse and lie again.

I have read somewhere, what their famous Leader the High German Doctor said to a Person, who reproach'd him with a notorious Falsity in the *Examiner*, the Forerunner of the *Craftsman*, adding, 'tis impossible such a Lye should last above an Exchange-time. The Doctor reply'd, No matter, we have another for To-morrow; and so on. This has been their constant way of working from Roger l'Estrange the first *Craftsman*, to *H—y B—* the last: And yet, forsooth, they want to be argued with, to be answered, as they call it; and their Idiots are in the same Tone, *Why don't ye answer him*, cry they; *he's too hard for you all*. Yes, truly; and so is the weakest Post you can pick out in a Wood too hard for the strongest Head on any Man's Shoulders. To enter into Controversy with such Arguers, is every whit as foolish, as it would be for an honest, substantial Goldsmith to chaffer with a ragged Clipper and Coiner, and change his good Money for Bad, his Gold for the Rascal's Brass. There is no need of entering into Particulars and bringing Proofs. There is not a Man in London, not a Jacobite or Tory, but at the same time he tells you, the *Craftsman* is Arch and Honest, he will own he is Bold and Daring; all which turned into true English is, he is *farcey* and *insolent*, *false* and *factious*: Yet this is the very Person who demands to be treated as one in his sober Senses, and when he is despised and neglected, cries out *lo! Triumph*.

WHAT a miserable Creature *Caleb D'Anvers* is, when he is left to himself, and what stupid ones his Masters are for so leaving him, is seen by that wretched Use he makes of those vulgar Phrases, his *Dame*, his *Mother*, his *old Woman*. He had somewhere or other heard, that when a Person spoke a good deal to little Purpose, the Saying was, *He talk'd like an old Woman*. It struck his Pancy wonderfully; and he resolv'd, that the first Writer he fell upon, let him be right or wrong; let him say more or less; let him be old or young, should be an *old Woman*. He would, by no Means, let such a Witticism escape him; and, for a Year or two, he has almost always decorated his *Craftsman* with it; like *Nichy-Nacky* in the Play, makes it his *Cucumber*, and never fails to put it in all his Speeches. The Fool has not, in all this While, been able to find out that he has used those fine Phrases of his so often, and so long, till he is become the very Thing which he pretended to ridicule, with this Disadvantage, that the more of Life he has yet to come, the faster will this Character stick upon him, and the less he makes last the longer.

THE Secret of the *Craftsman* is discovered in nothing more than in the late wicked Advertisement of the Bank Contract. *D'Anvers*'s Masters know better than any Body the whole Proceedings relating to that Contract, a Bastard of their own getting; and that the very Man who brought the original Paper to them, to reflect on an Honourable Person, whom, with Tears in his Eyes, he begg'd, for his own Salvation, to approve, and draw it, because, as he alledged himself, *he could not do it so well*, was the very Man that contrived, moved, and earnestly sollicit'd the concluding of it; which he and they now rail at as iniquitous and ruinous. This is a Stroke of *Craftsmanism* which outdoes all that *Fraud*, *Malice*, *Ingratitude* and *Impudence* ever yet produced, or the *Craftsmen* themselves had ever yet the Face to insult Mankind with. That the Bastard was begot among them, is proved beyond Contradiction, in the three explanatory Papers in the *Daily Gazetteer*, August 27, 28, 29. where the Guilt and Infamy of that detestable Scandal in their Advertisement, is left on those that entered into a Conspiracy against an illustrious unblemished Reputation, the least Dazzle of which must sicken their weak Eyes, and corrode in their sick Minds. To come lower, and consequently nearer to their Understanding, finding themselves detected and exposed, the Conspirators slip their Necks out of the Collar in this Case, as some of them have luckily done in others, and sneak off, leaving their forlorn Slave *D'Anvers* to brazen it out with that Forehead which defies Conviction and Shame, and will, whenever Justice has the handling of him, be as steady and heedless in a Pillory, as if it was disjointed and fixed on a Pole,

he being insensible of all the Emotions of a reasonable Soul. Well then, his Masters being run away, some from their Country, and all from the Argument which they had stupidly and insolently drawn into question, *D'Anvers*, whom it imports much more than it does themselves to keep up the Lye they gave him to subsist upon, undertakes to vindicate their Quarrel, which is capable of no other Vindication than what his own Talents and Virtues can furnish him with, as Lying, pitiful Shuffling, and coarse Ribaldry.

THE first Air he assumes, is that of Superiority over an imaginary Adversary, whom he treats with the Language which others have made common to himself. You cannot think, quoth he, that any Body will take the Trouble of exposing such a contemptible Fellow, which, he says, requires a great deal of Time to study upon it; and therefore, adds he, I desire some Weeks to answer such wretched Stuff. But being conscious to himself, that if Years were given him instead of Weeks, he could make nothing of it, he is for cutting the Work shorter, which he proposes to have done, by an humble Acknowledgment from the Opponent, that Mr. *D'Anvers* is in the right. Probably the Reader will imagine that I abuse even him, and that there cannot be such a Fool in Nature as to drivel in Print so miserably; but there he is, *Craftsman* No. 479. and no doubt you will find him in the same hopeful Way in the following Numbers. His Words are, — *I give you Time to discover what has been said in your Favour; and I do it partly in Justice to myself, because 'tis a Labour without End to answer every Paper of this Kind; which, with him and his Masters, is, in Truth, no Labour at all: For, after his and their Way of answering, had they Briars in their Hands, they might reply to every Pamphlet and Paper pro and con, that is published in the Universe, they having nothing to do, but, like abandoned Bullies, to assert or deny a Thing, and swear to it.*

D'ANVERS could not see, that, by his *some Weeks*, every one would know he meant, he must stay for what will be sent him about it from France, or from as far as France in England; for his Town Master had so great a Hand in the Business which is so horribly condemned in the *Craftsman* as another's doing, that he durst not speak to him for Assistance.

LONDON.

The last Letters from Italy mention several remarkable Robberies committed in that Country. Among others the Dutchess of Madaloni at Naples, has lost a Watch set with Diamonds, a Jewel, and other Things, to the Value of 2000 Ducats, for which a Goldsmith and a Footman are apprehended on Suspicion. Don Carlos's Treasurer has been robbed of 3000 Crowns. 'Twas supposed that a Domestic is the Thief, notwithstanding a Ladder was found set up against the first Story, where the Money was. And the Marquis de Cavaleri at Rome, has had Tidings from his Daughter, the Wife of Signior Francis Caligola at Spoleto, that all her Jewels, &c. to the Value of 30,000 Crowns, have been taken out of her Bureau in her Chamber.

Last Wednesday Night died at her Lodgings in Southampton-street in the Strand, the Lady Winford, Relict of the late Sir Thomas Winford, Bart.

We hear that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is to espouse her Highness the Princess of Saxe-Gotha, by his Proxy the Right Hon: the Lord Harrington, some time next Month; and that her Highness's Voyage to England is put off till the Month of February next.

Several rich Suits of wearing Apparel are making for her Highness in England.

Last Wednesday a young Woman of the Name of Hamilton, about 23 Years of Age, was found dead at her Lodgings in Denmark Court in the Strand, supposed to have been murdered, there appearing some Marks of Violence upon her. The same Evening her Mother, Sister, and another Woman, were apprehended, on Suspicion of being concerned in the said Murder. And this Day the Coroner's Jury is to sit on her Body.

Th

The following is a perfect List of Horse Matches to be run on Newmarket Course the next Meeting, which is in October.

Days	Match	Weight	Miles	Guineas	Forfeit
		S. lb.			
1	Duke of Bolton's Colt against the Duke of Devonshire's Colt	8 7	4	300	Half forfeit.
	Duke of Bolton's Doctor against the Duke of Devonshire's Plaster	8 7	4	300	Half forfeit.
	E. of Portmore's Grey Colt, 9 Stone, against Ld. Vife. Middleton's Filly	8	4	200	Half forfeit.
2	His Majesty's Plate, 6 Years old, best of three Heats	12	12	100	
	Duke of Bridgewater's Tranquillus, bred by his Grace, against the Earl of Portmore's Tom-come tickle-me, bred by Mr. Routh, and got by young Childers, give and take	8 5	4	200	Half forfeit.
3	Duke of Devonshire's Chestnut Colt, against the Duke of Bridgewater's Grey Colt	8 7	4	300	Run or Pay.
	Duke of Bridgewater, Earl of Portmore, and Lord Gower, each start a 4 Year old, of his own Breed	8 4	4	100	
4	Duke of Bridgewater's Patch, against the Earl of Portmore's Suttly Dun	8 3	4	200	Half forfeit.
	Duke of Bridgewater's Poker, against Lord Walpole's Stamakin	9	4	200	Half forfeit.
6	D. of Bolton's Looby, 8 Stone 6 Pound, against Mr. Pantons Conqueror	8 1	4	300	Half forfeit.
9	The Town Plate, best of three Heats	12	12	20	
24	Duke of Bolton's Bay Colt, out of Bonny Lafs and Partner, against the Honourable Mr. Vane's Chestnut Colt, out of a full Sister to Bay Wilkinfon	8 5	4	300	Half forfeit.
25	Earl of Hallifax's Colt, out of the Farmer-Mare and the Roan Barb, against the Earl of Portmore's Colt	8 7	4	200	Half forfeit.
26	The October Stakes for 5 Year Olds, that never started for any Prize whatever, unless at Newmarket	9 4	4		
	Earl of Portmore's Partner, out of the Dam of Victorious, against Mr. Fauquier's Chestnut Colt, out of a Sister to Country Wench and Partner	9	4	200	Half forfeit.
27	Earl of Portmore's Cato, against Sir Michael Newton's Seneca	8 7	4	200	Half forfeit.

Last Night their Graces the Duke and Dutchess of Richmond were expected in Town from France.
Yesterday Sir Brownlow Sherrard, Bart. lay dangerously ill at Guilford in Surry.

The same Day the Lady Carolina Manners, Sister to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, and Wife to John Harpur, Esq; lay dangerously ill, having miscarried the Night before at her House in St. James's Place.

Last Wednesday the Duke, and the Princess Amelia, took the Diversion of hunting a Hind in Windsor Forest, which was killed after a Chase of two Hours, dined at the Earl of Tankerville's House at Swinley, and in the Evening returned to Kensington.

Last Sunday Morning Mr. Lambe going from Windsor to Holley-Port in the County of Berks, was attacked near Water-Oakley, by two Foot Pads, who knocked him off his Horse, robbed him of his Money and Watch, and tied his Hands and Feet with a Cord, where he lay near two Hours before he was released. They took from him a Pocket-book wherein were several Notes of Value; but returned it without examining the Contents. Mr. Lambe intreated them very much not to bind him; but was answered by one of them, that their Lives lay at Stake, and if he would not pursue them, he would not tie him; but the other, who stood over him with a Pistol, damn'd him, and said he would not trust him; so that they bound him, wished him a good Morning, and went off with their Booty.

Yesterday the Hon. John Spencer, Esq; Brother to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, who lately came to Town, to visit her Grace the Dutchess of Bedford, his Sister, who continues dangerously ill at her House in Bloomsbury-square, set out for his Seat at Breckley in Northamptonshire.

The same Day the Hon. Cecil, Esq; Brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Salisbury, was introduced to her Majesty, and the rest of the Royal Family, and had the Honour of kissing their Hands, on his taking Leave; and in the Afternoon he set out for Dover, in order to embark for Calais, from whence he will proceed on his Travels for three Years.

Last Tuesday died at his House at Wimbleton in the County of Surry, John Stone, Esq; a Gentleman of a plentiful Estate, and in the Commission of the Peace for the County of Surry.

Yesterday Bank Stock was 141 to 1-4th for the Opening. India 149 1-half. South Sea 82 1-half to 3-4ths. Old Annuity 108. New ditto 106 7-8ths. Three per Cent. 94 1-4th. Emperor's Loan 100. Royal-Assurance 97 1-half. London-Assurance 12 1-half. York Buildings 4. African 15 1-half. India Bonds 41. 10s. to 51. Premium. Three per Cent. ditto 21. 16s. Prem. South Sea Bonds 31. Prem. New Bank Circulation 31. 17s. 6d. Prem. Salt Tallies 31. Premium. English Copper 21. 2s. Prem. Welsh ditto, Books shut. Three 1-half per Cent. Exchange Orders 11. 5s. per Cent. Discount.

Custom-house, London, 10 Sept. 1735.
For S A L E.

By Order of the Honourable Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs, &c.

ON Wednesday the 24th September, 1735, at 3 o'Clock in the Afternoon, will be exposed to Sale by Inch of Candle, in the Long Room at the Custom-house, London, a Parcel of Tea, Coffee, Brandy, Rum, (clear of all Duties.) To be seen at the King's Warehouse on Monday the 22d, Tuesday the 23d, September, from 8 to 12 in the Forenoon, and from 3 till 6 in the Afternoon, and on Wednesday Morning before the Sale.

N. B. The Buyers are to pay down in Part 5 Guineas each Lot, and the Goods to be taken away in 14 Days, or the Lot Money will be forfeited, and the Goods re-fold; but where the Lots do not amount to Five Pounds, the Buyers are to pay down one Half. The Goods to be re-weighed and re-gauged on the Delivery.
Catalogues to be had at the King's Warehouse.

This Day is Published.

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Paris, Jan. 29, 1735.

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N. B. Those Persons who bought the First Volume, may have the Second to compleat it, of any of the Booksellers above named.

This Day is published,

[To be Continued every TUESDAY and FRIDAY.]
[Price TWO-PENCE]

The PROMPTER, N° XC.

Say, where full Infinit is th' unerring Guide,
What Pope, or Council, can they need beside?
Then Reason raise o'er Instinct, as you can.
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Printed for T. COOPER, at the Globe in Paternoster-Row. Where Letters to the Author are taken in. Of whom the former Numbers may be had.

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The Apothecary who prepar'd them for him, according to Doctor's Prescription (which he has still upon his Shelf) made Use of them ever since, so Numbers of People, it is very worst of Gleet, Seminal and Genital Imbecility, Infertility, Pains in the Back and Reins, Disorders of the Urine and Gravel, &c. with the utmost Success and Safety, also in all Weaknesses from Strains, as well as from Relics, excessive Coition, Self-Pollution, Seminal Emission, the Sleep, Falls, Blows, and the like, in both Sexes.

And as they have never once fail'd him, even in Cases thought to be incurable, he now, for general Good, has made them publick; and that the meaner Sort of People might partake of the Benefit of so divine a Remedy, as well as the Rich, he has put them up in Bottles of but 3s. 6d. each, and the Excellency of their Effects, they are worth their Price in Gold, more especially, as one Bottle of them generally cures even in the most draining Gleet, and grievous Relaxation and Weaknesses of the Seminals and Genitals that are.

Nor can there be prepar'd, by any Art or Skill, a more cleansing and healing, or a more strengthening and invigorating Medicine, or one that can more effectually cure Impotency, promote Fertility, than this, as every one that but once uses it will say, by their soon finding the Difference between it and other Remedies; for it will do more in one Day, than restoring in these Weaknesses, than any others can in ten, and of so corroborating a Nature, that it may be safely used upon for curing perfectly and firmly, without Fear of Relapse, even in the tenderest Constitutions, which can hardly be said of any other Medicine; and it is withal so elegantly palatable to the Palate, and so agreeable to the Stomach, that the Person is delighted with it.

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Mr. West,
I bought one of your Strengthening Potions, a few Days ago, since I was born I never took the like. I was so weak before I took it, that I could not go the Length of Church-side. I took twenty things at a great Expence, but to no Purpose; but bless God I am by taking it as well as ever I was in my Life, wishing that all that stand in need of it, may make use of it to the same Benefit.

Yours,
R. Capewell

The Original to be seen at Mr. West's.

LONDON: Printed for T. COOPER, at the Globe in Paternoster-Row.